

CROWN

NO.
12

COMICS

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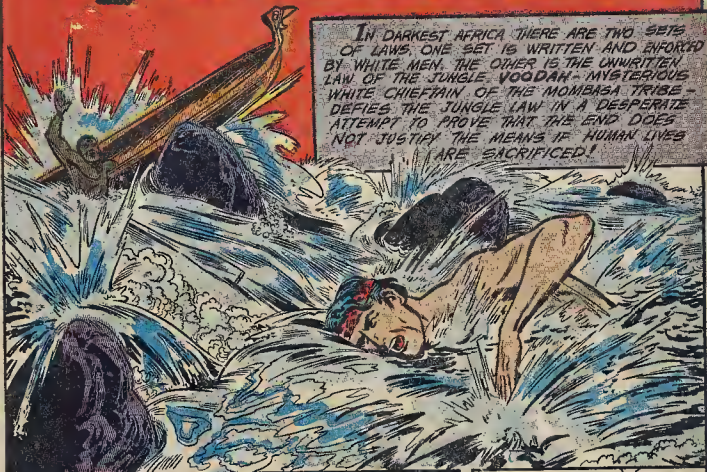


WEB COMIC
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VOODAH

IN DARKEST AFRICA THERE ARE TWO SETS OF LAWS. ONE SET IS WRITTEN AND ENFORCED BY WHITE MEN. THE OTHER IS THE UNWRITTEN LAW OF THE JUNGLE. VOODAH - MYSTERIOUS WHITE CHIEFTAIN OF THE MOMBASA TRIBE - DEFIES THE JUNGLE LAW IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO PROVE THAT THE END DOES NOT JUSTIFY THE MEANS IF HUMAN LIVES ARE SACRIFICED!



MUCH GOLD, BWANA KILIAN!
I GIVE IT TO SCHOOL.
SEE-SCHOOL TEACH
MY SONS MANY
THINGS.

I WASN'T
LYING ABOUT
MONEY WHEN
I STOPPED IN YOUR
VILLAGE, LWANA.



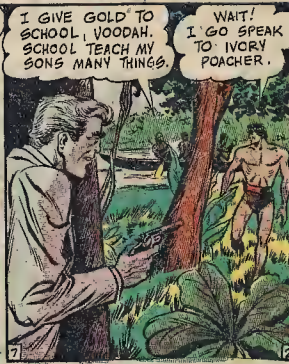
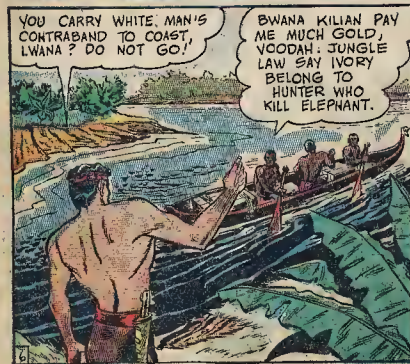
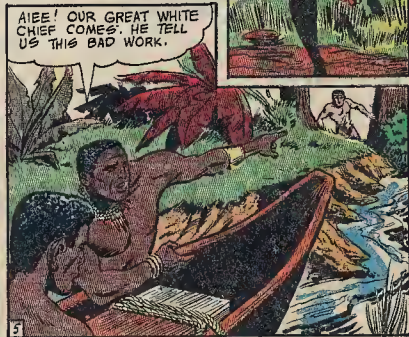
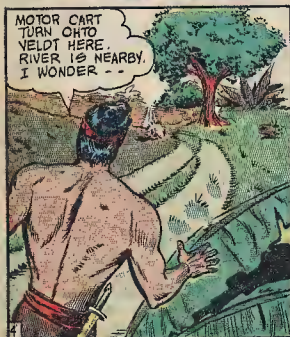
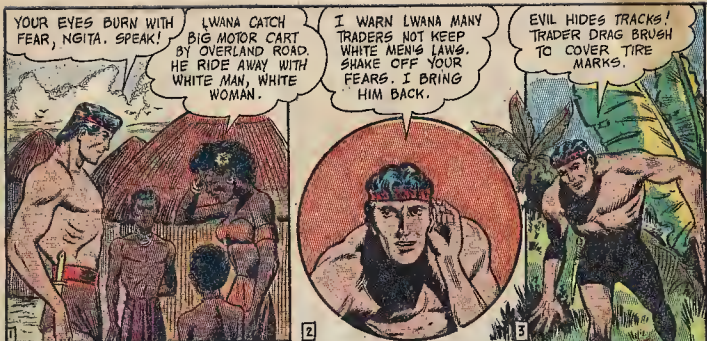
BUT YOU DON'T GET IT UNTIL
YOU'VE BROUGHT MY WORY
TO THE COAST!

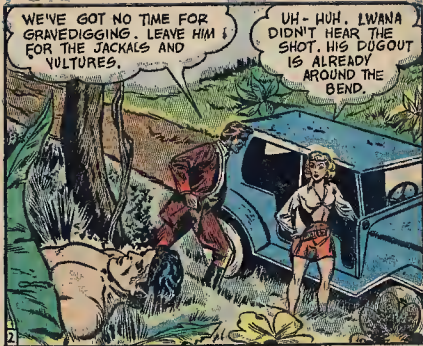


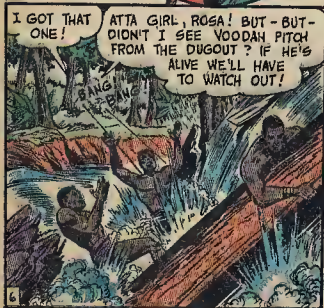
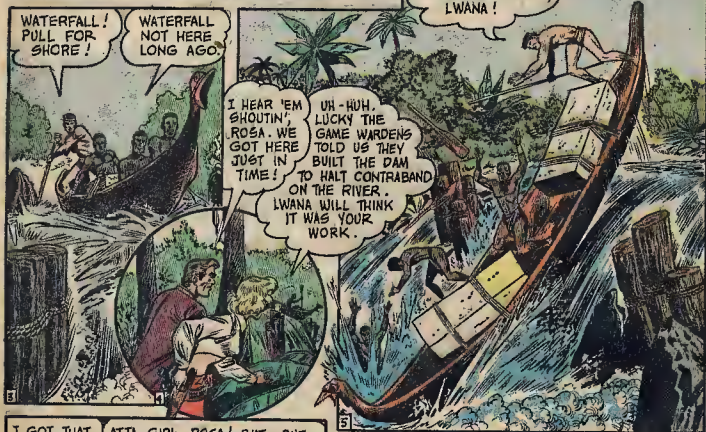
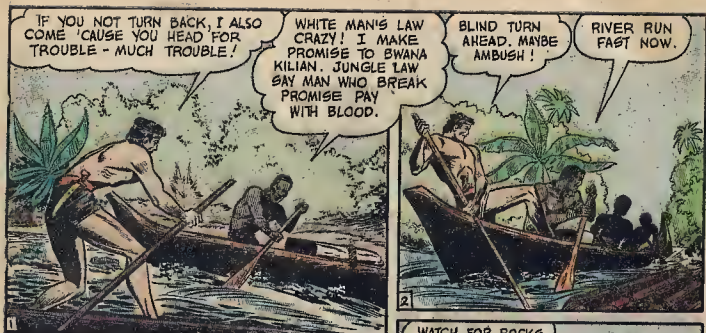
HE TOOK THE BAIT,
ROSA: WE'LL SPEND
THIS MONEY IN
ZANZIBAR AFTER
WE'VE SOLD THE
IVORY AND LWANA
IS SAFE INSIDE
A CROCODILE'S
BELLY!

UH-HUH.
WE'LL
HAVE NO
TROUBLE
UNLESS
THAT VOODAH
FELLA GETS
SUSPICIOUS.











EEYI! A MAMBA STRUCK ME! VOODAH'S RUSHING IN ON US!



MY LAST BULLET - NO TIME TO RELOAD. START THE MOTOR, ROSA!



I'LL DRIVE. YOU DIG OUT THE SNAKE VENOM KIT.



THEY GOT AWAY - WHAT DO WE DO NOW, VOODAH!

WE RACE KILIAN TO THE COAST - BEFORE HE SET NEW TRAP. COME - WE FIX DUGOUT.



CROCODILE MAKE FINISH FOR ZAMBU AND TULEKU. HOW SAY I MAKE EVEN TO BWANA KILIAN, VOODAH?



JUSTICE BETTER THAN REVENGE, LWANA. GIVE KILIAN'S IVORY TO DISTRICT COMMISSIONER.



STRAIN MUSCLES! SUN SETTING FAST!



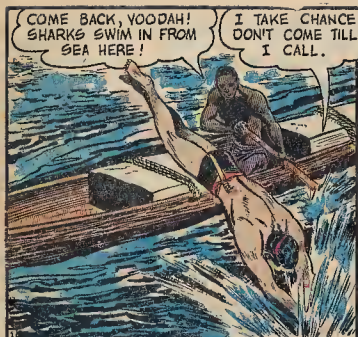
MADE IT BY SUNDOWN. IF COMMISSIONER AUBREY HASN'T PULLED HIS STAKES YET, WE'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR VOODAH.

UH-HUH - IF VOODAH TURNS UP HERE TONIGHT.

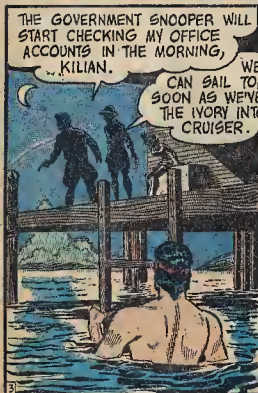


HEAD FOR GOVERNMENT PIER, LWANA. STRANGE KILIAN NOT SHOW HAND YET.

I KEEP EYES OPEN.



I TAKE CHANCE.
DON'T COME TILL
I CALL.



COMMISSIONER AUBREY!
GREAT SCOTT - WHAT
ARE YE DOIN',
SIR?

WHISTLE SO PATROL
COME. COMMISSIONER
AND KILIAN 'BOUT TO GO
WITH GOVERNMENT MONEY
AND IVORY.

THE GOLD I PROMISED
YOU IS UNDER THE SEAT
OF MY TRUCK. HURRY-
YOU CAN GRAB IT
AND ESCAPE!

ME LOSE GOLD
MAYBE - BUT ME
KEEP YOU TILL
PATROL COME!

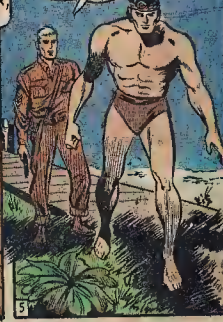
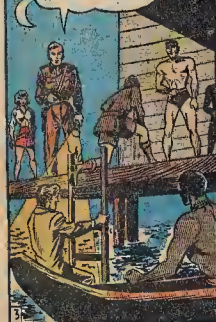


YOU SHOULD HAVE BUILT
A NEW JAIL WHILE YOU
WERE IN OFFICE, SIR.
YOU WON'T FANCY
THE OLD JUG.

HOW DID YOU GET MIXED
UP IN THIS, VOODAH?
WE'D BEEN TIPPED
OFF TO KEEP AN
EYE ON AUBREY.

LWANA WANTS
HIS BOYS TO
GO TO SCHOOL.
KILIAN SAY HE
PAY LWANA TAKE
IVORY DOWN RIVER,
SO LWANA - HEY!
WHERE LWANA
GO?

WAIT, VOODAH! YOU AND
LWANA WILL SPLIT A
REWARD FOR TURNING
IN THE CONTRABAND
IVORY!



WHITE MAN'S LAW SAY
WE GET REWARD.

TELL 'EM KEEP
REWARD, VOODAH.
BWANA KILIAN LEAVE
GOLD. MY SONS
GO SCHOOL
NOW!

YOU GOT MONEY BUT
LOSE TWO BROTHERS.
EVIL ALWAYS COME TO
HIM WHO BREAK WHITE
MAN'S LAWS.

YES, VOODAH. BUT BROTHER'S
SPIRITS LIVE IN HEARTS
OF MY SONS. JUNGLE
LAW SAY THAT IS GOOD.



VOODAH
WILL BE
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE OF
CROWN
COMICS

VIC CUTTER

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY GET MURDERED, ROBBED OR KIDNAPPED? I'M DEVELOPING A CHRONIC CASE OF BOREDOM WAITING FOR A CLIENT TO DROP IN WITH A REAL, TOUGH INVESTIGATION.

BUT MR. CUTTER, YOU'LL LIVE LONGER THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING. AND THINK OF THE BULLETS YOU SAVE!



I WONDER IF YOU WILL HANDLE A CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATION, MR. CUTTER. MY NAME IS CLYDE LUCAS.

WHY, OF COURSE - IF IT'S LEGITIMATE. WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE?



MY DAUGHTER, MARY, HAS BEEN MISSING THREE WEEKS. I JUST RECEIVED THIS RANSOM NOTE DEMANDING FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

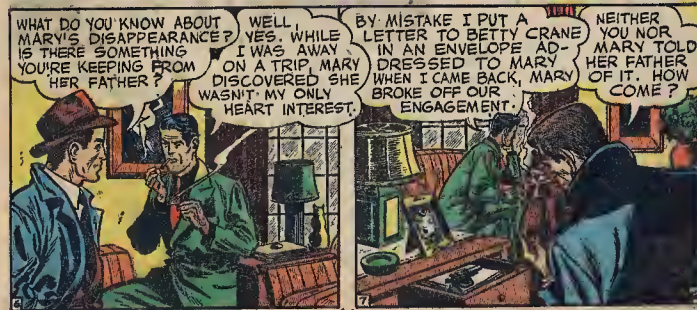
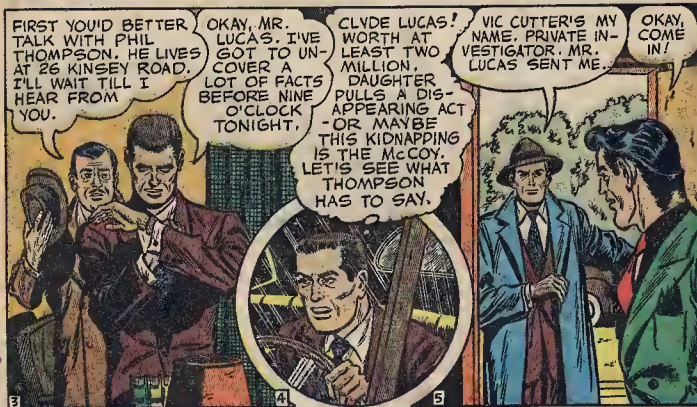
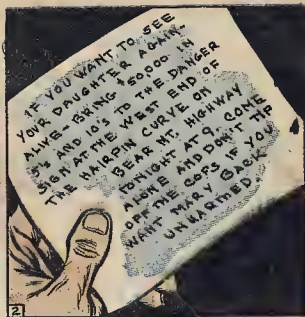
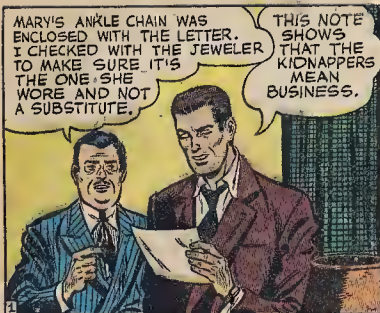
WHY HAVEN'T YOU NOTIFIED THE POLICE AND FBI?

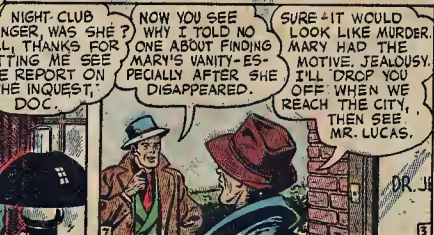
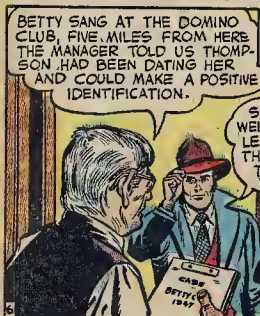
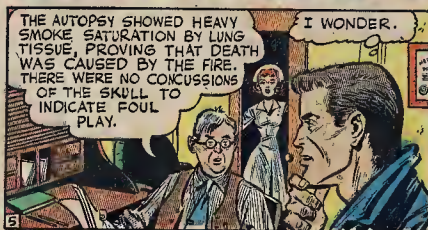
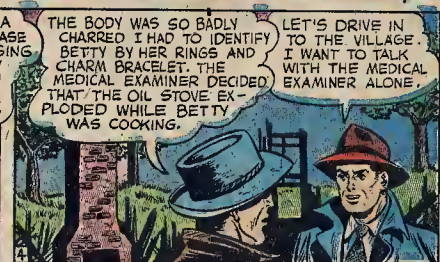
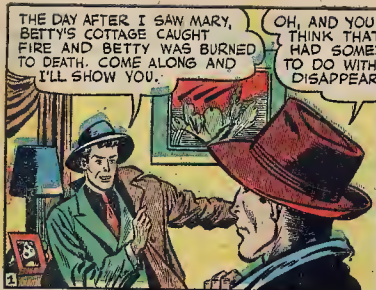


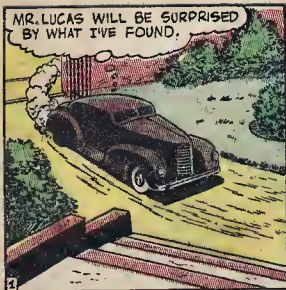
PHIL THOMPSON, MARY'S FIANCE, WANTS TO SPARE HER THE BAD PUBLICITY. HE'S MAKING HIS OWN INVESTIGATION, BUT HIS ACTIONS SEEM QUEER.

WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU THAT THE PERSON WHO SENT THIS RANSOM NOTE IS HOLDING MARY?









MR. LUCAS WILL BE SURPRISED BY WHAT I'VE FOUND.



DID YOU FIND ANY TRACE OF MARY?

YES. PHIL FOUND HER VANITY UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES. LET'S GO TO YOUR STUDY AND CLOSE THE DOOR.



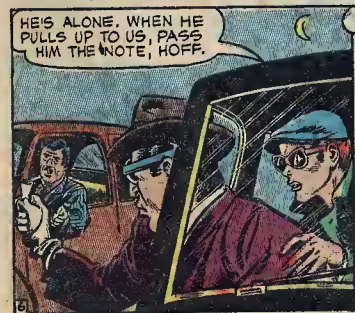
WELL, WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME CHANGES THE SITUATION. MARY'S KIDNAPPERS MAY SUSPECT SHE WAS INVOLVED IN BETTY CRANE'S DEATH.

RIGHT. YOU'VE DRAWN THE FIFTY THOUSAND FROM THE BANK, EH? WE'D BETTER MAKE CONTACT WITH THE KIDNAPPERS TONIGHT.

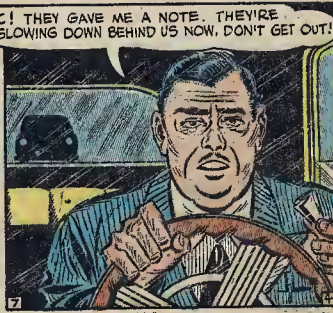
THEY WON'T SUSPECT YOU'RE NOT ALONE IF I RIDE IN HERE. I HOPE SO! MR. CUTTER.

THERE'S LUCAS' SEDAN. PASS HIM, AUGIE, SO WE MAKE SURE HE AIN'T GOT A COPPER HIDING ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAR.

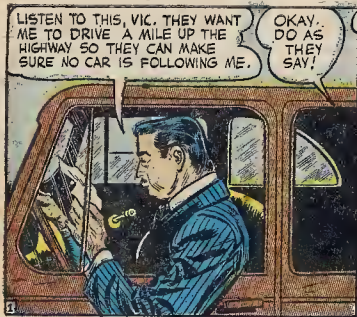
OKEYDOKE. IF HE'S ALONE, I'LL SLOW DOWN SO YOU CAN THROW THE NOTE INTO HIS CAR.



HE'S ALONE. WHEN HE PULLS UP TO US, PASS HIM THE NOTE, HOFF.

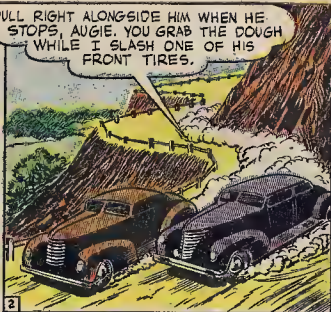


VIC! THEY GAVE ME A NOTE. THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN BEHIND US NOW. DON'T GET OUT!



LISTEN TO THIS, VIC. THEY WANT ME TO DRIVE A MILE UP THE HIGHWAY SO THEY CAN MAKE SURE NO CAR IS FOLLOWING ME.

OKAY. DO AS THEY SAY!



PULL RIGHT ALONGSIDE HIM WHEN HE STOPS, AUGIE. YOU GRAB THE DOUGH WHILE I SLASH ONE OF HIS FRONT TIRES.



MARY SAID YOU'D RECOGNIZE HER WATCH. TAKE IT AND HAND OVER THE DOUGH - QUICK!

ALL RIGHT - WHEN DO I GET MY DAUGHTER?

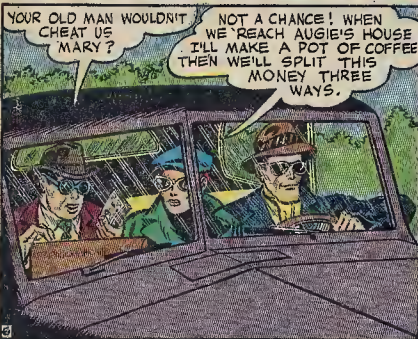
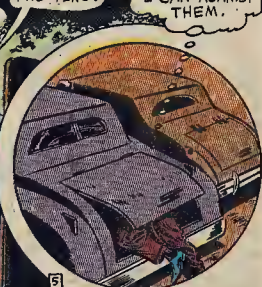
YOU'LL SEE HER TOMORROW - ALIVE AND SAFE ---THE MONEY!

HERE - FIFTY THOUSAND, IN FIVES AND TENS!

LUCKY THEY DIDN'T KEEP THIS LOCKED. I WANT TO GET ALL THE EVIDENCE I CAN AGAINST THEM.



I CUT HIS FRONT TIRE!

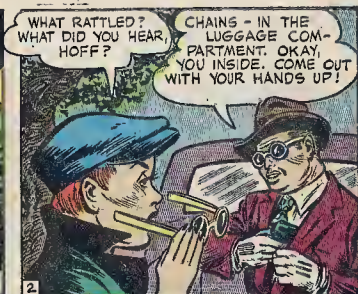
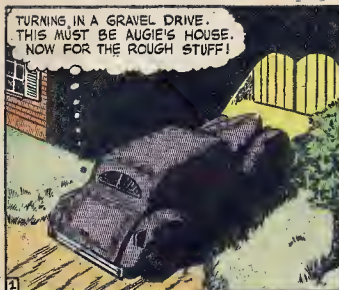


YOUR OLD MAN WOULDN'T CHEAT US MARY?

NOT A CHANCE! WHEN WE REACH AUGIE'S HOUSE I'LL MAKE A POT OF COFFEE THEN WE'LL SPLIT THIS MONEY THREE WAYS.



MARY'S WITH THEM AND PULLED A PHONY KIDNAP STUNT TO SHAKEDOWN HER FATHER. NO, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



THEY PROBABLY LOCKED THE GARAGE DOORS, SO I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT THROUGH THAT WINDOW!



THE DOOR IS AJAR - AND WHAT'S THAT I SMELL? GASOLINE FUMES!



THESE GUYS AREN'T JUST ASLEEP. THE GAL PUT KNOCK-OUT DROPS IN THEIR COFFEE AND DRENCHED THEM WITH GASOLINE. FOOTSTEPS. SHE'S COMING!



THE BACK DOOR-IT'S SWUNG OPEN. BUT AUGIE AND HOFF HAVEN'T MOVED SINCE I WENT TO THE CELLAR.



PLANNING TO MAKE IT HOT FOR YOUR ACCOMPLICES, ARE YOU? I'LL MAKE IT HOTTER FOR YOU, BABY!



GET BACK! STOP, YOU IDIOT! I'M GOING TO SHOOT!



HAMMER CAUGHT ON THE LINING OF YOUR POCKET, BABY. THE GUN FLASH WOULD HAVE IGNITED THE GASOLINE FUMES.





SO! YOU'RE NOT MARY LUCAS -- THE PERT LITTLE BRUNETTE WHOSE PHOTOS MADE THE SOCIETY PAGES ALMOST EVERY WEEK. THEN WHO ARE YOU?



I'M A FRIEND OF MARY'S. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

NO, YOU'RE BETTY CRANE WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED IN THE COTTAGE FIRE. YOU KILLED MARY WHEN SHE CAME AND ASKED YOU TO BREAK OFF WITH PHIL.



THAT'S A LIE! PHIL IDENTIFIED THE BODY!

SURE - YOU STRIPPED MARY'S JEWELRY AND PLANTED YOURS ON MARY AFTER YOU KNOCKED HER UNCONSCIOUS.

YOU PICKED UP THESE TWO CHUMPS SOMEWHERE, TOLD THEM YOU WERE THE MISSING MARY LUCAS AND PRETENDED YOU COULD SHAKE DOWN LUCAS BY A KIDNAP STUNT. TWENTY YEARS FOR THEM BUT YOU'LL GET THE CHAIR, BABY!



IT WAS PHIL'S FAULT! WE'D HAVE BEEN MARRIED IF HE HADN'T SWITCHED THE LETTERS INTO THE WRONG ENVELOPES!

HELLO, CAPTAIN Mc CASEY. I'M CALLING FROM PINEHILL 3-2860. CHECK FOR THE ADDRESS AND COME AT ONCE. I'M HOLDING A MURDRESS AND TWO KIDNAPPERS.



WE'RE ON OUR WAY, VIC! BUT DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS MORNING THAT BUSINESS WAS QUIET?

VIC CUTTER CRACKS ANOTHER CASE OF CRIME IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE of CROWN COMICS



I GET IT! WE HAVE
SOME WARPED SLABS OF
WOOD IN THE
VENISON HOUSE!
WE'LL MAKE SOME
MORE LIKE
SLOO PUMPERS!



WHAT SHALL
WE CALL
THEM?

OH WELL... CALL
'EM RUNNERS,
MAYBE!

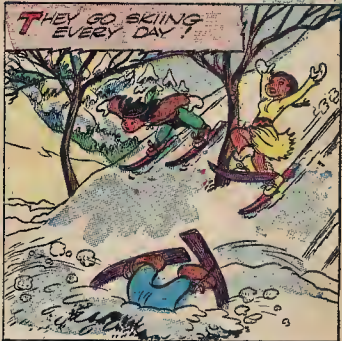
THIS
WON'T
BE
MUCH
GOOD!



AFTER MANY HOURS OF
CUTTING TO SHAPE AND
SMOOTHING BY STONE,
MINNIE AND LITTLE HAHN
SOON HAVE THEIR
SKIIS READY!



**THEY GO SKIING
EVERY DAY!**



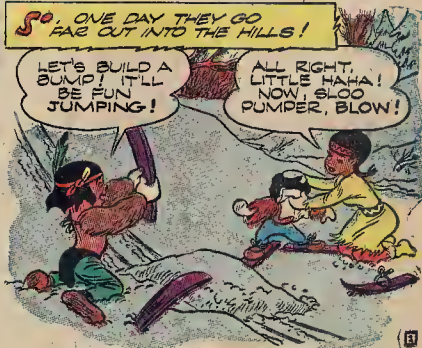
AND BECAME QUITE
EXPERT IN THEIR
NEW SPORT



**SO, ONE DAY THEY GO
FAR OUT INTO THE HILLS!**

LET'S BUILD A
BUMP! IT'LL
BE FUN
JUMPING!

ALL RIGHT,
LITTLE HAHN!
NOW, SLOO
PUMPER, BLOW!





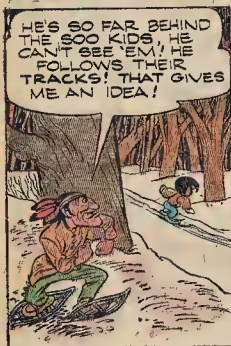
SAY, LITTLE HAHA, OVER THERE IS A BIGGER HILL!

HEY SLOO PUMPER! C'MON! WE'RE MOVING!



AND MOVING RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF LYNX, THE EVIL ONE... HE HOPES!

AHA! THERE'S SLOO PUMPER! HE'S FAR BEHIND THE OTHERS! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET HIM!



HE'S SO FAR BEHIND THE SLOO KIDS, HE CAN'T SEE 'EM! HE FOLLOWS THEIR TRACKS! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



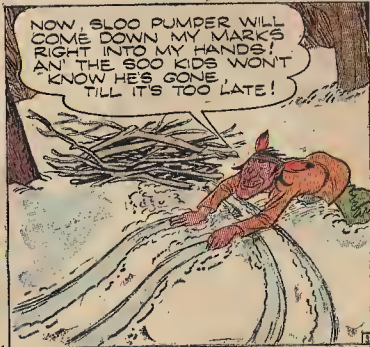
I FOLLOW TRACKS! THAT'S EASY!



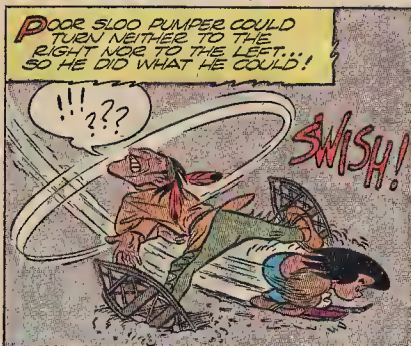
THIS WAY! SLOO PUMPER CAN FOLLOW US!



YOU BET HE CAN FOLLOW!... FOLLOW MY TRACKS! HEE HEE!



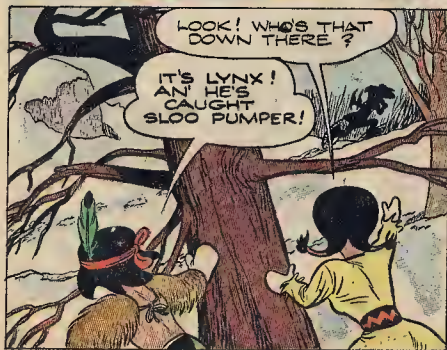
NOW, SLOO PUMPER WILL COME DOWN MY MARKS RIGHT INTO MY HANDS! AN' THE SLOO KIDS WON'T KNOW HE'S GONE TILL IT'S TOO LATE!





IT JUST CAN'T
BE! IT AIN'T
INDIAN-LIKE!









BY THEIR GUNS

JEFF GODWIN was dead. The little crowd moved uneasily as Tom Warren got to his feet, his youthful bronzed face drawn into lines of unwilling anger. "More of Vic Raynor's work," he said quietly. "You can be sure of that—"

"You'd best be able to prove it."

Tom's blue eyes took in the speaker, tall, lanky Chris Benton. Chris added uneasily, "Not that I aim to side in with Raynor, feller. But I know his breed. I know what he's like just as everyone else does."

"Maybe." Tom turned slowly, letting his glance drift over the half dozen lantern-lit faces hemming him in. "Maybe," Tom repeated gently, "I can prove Raynor's responsible for Jeff's death."

He knew Jeff had been killed because Vic Raynor was running a stranger for Sheriff in the approaching election, a fact that had been a closely guarded secret until Jeff, by chance or misfortune, had stumbled upon the truth and told Tom.

Now Tom Warren moved down the street, oblivious to the noise coming from beyond batwings, the little knots of punchers. Vic Raynor's hang-out was just up the street. It had been like invading enemy territory earlier in the day but Tom had done just that, had singled Vic out and warned him to leave town by morning.

LATER, hearing of the action, Chris Benton had warned, "You're askin' fer trouble, Tom. You makin' a threat like that afore Raynor himself, is the same as askin' fer somebody to blow your brains out. It'll be the same as Jeff Godwin an'—" Chris' voice stumbled to a stop.

Now Tom Warren rode out of town. As he did so he let his mind drift easily. Old Tom had been the sheriff of Goldstone a couple of years past. He'd made a good sheriff too, but Vic Raynor and his gang had been too crafty and strong, and had been taking over the country. One day a puncher had found Old Tom back in the hills, huddled behind some boulders overlooking the stage coach trail as if he'd been

squatted there waiting for someone. He'd been shot from behind.

Now Tom Warren dismounted, left the roan in a clump of live-oak, and moved through the darkness to the back of the Red Lantern. A yellow slit of light marked a rear window. Through it Tom could see the room beyond. Vic Raynor's office. Vic had just entered. . . .

Deliberately Tom stepped through the rear door. His .45 swung up. "We're moving out, Vic," Tom said gently. "Get your duds. Let's go!"

"You won't get away with this—"

"Get moving," Tom snarled. "Fast!"

THE cabin was partly in ruin. Lighting the lantern, Tom Warren checked his captive's bonds. Vic Raynor snarled savagely, "You'll stop lead for this! Think you can clean up Goldstone? Nobody else could!"

Tom answered quietly, "With you out of the way your gun-hands won't trouble. They'll feel differently when they learn . . . you've run out on 'em after I warned you to. And, Vic . . . I'm not forgetting my old man. He was shot in the back to keep his mouth shut. I'll be back to talk business with you!"

Away in the shadows a horse nickered softly. Tom Warren looked aside at Chris Benton. "We're raiding the Red Lantern. We're running Goldstone from now on. Get the boys and let's ride."

Goldstone was half asleep when Tom Warren and his posse rode down the wide street. There was considerable life inside the Red Lantern. Tom was first through the batwings.

Voices died out till it was so quiet you could hear a match snap. Tom's blue eyes swiftly took in the crowd before him. Many of them the suckers who came here to lose their dust. But there were others, Vic Raynor's gun-hands and Tim Bromley, the stranger nobody knew about being in with Vic, who was running for Sheriff. His presence here indicated they were plenty worried.

Deliberately Tom walked toward the bar. "Where's Vic Raynor?" he demanded of the keep.

The man's eyes flicked uneasily. Tim Bromley had come through the door at the back. His ugly face was bothered by a look of uncertainty, indecision.

"Tell Raynor I want to talk with him," Tom ordered. "Unless he's not here!"

Bromley hesitated. "Vic's busy . . . what's the idea of barging in like this?"

"I gave Vic his time. Now I've changed my mind. He's going now. Of course if he ain't here—maybe he was called away on business!"

Bromley didn't answer. Tom Warren started forward. Again he caught motion out the corner of his eye. He would have turned, but he read Bromley's intentions and froze. A gun roared behind Tom and a man slumped forward, his limp hand dropping a .45 to the floor.

At the same instant Tim Bromley's hand moved. It was like the flash of lightning. Tom drew, the motion blurred, timed. The .45 roared and Bromley's heavy face broke out in a surprised expression as his big body went limp, fell.

A volley of shots from behind Tom. Disregarding it, he moved ahead to the rear door. Chris Benton's posse moved in behind flaming guns. Tom knew his presence was no longer a necessity. And he had other business to attend to. Terms for Vic Raynor.

* * * * *

SUNLIGHT was slanting over the eastern end of the world when Tom Warren dismounted. He unstrapped his gunbelt, hitched the buckle, and hung it from the saddlehorn. He walked through the woods to the cabin, opened the door and stepped inside.

Vic Raynor had rolled to the far side. His face and clothing were dust covered. Sweat had left lines. His eyes opened sluggishly.

"Bring your neck-tie party?" he jeered hoarsely. "You wouldn't dare come alone—" His voice trailed off as Tom untied the ropes, jerked them aside.

"Get up," the young fellow commanded. "I'm alone. And I left my weapon behind. Get up!"

Vic Raynor got slowly to his feet. He wiped the dust and dried sweat from his face, while his crafty eyes took in the man before him. A half grin touched Vic's lips.

"Y'mean to say you didn't bring help?"

"I don't need it," Tom answered, swinging his shoulders slowly to loosen up the tense muscles. "You killed my old man. Got anything to say about that?"

The gun-hand laughed. "Just . . . this!"

He hurled himself forward, his attack a surprise both in speed and accuracy. They smashed together. Vic's blows were solid, merciless. Tom

rocked backward, felt the bone twist in his neck.

Though cramped Vic Raynor's body was somewhat rested. He stood even with Tom, had added weight besides a cruel cunning which was his particular brand. He launched himself again.

A second jarring blow drove Tom Warren back. His feet gave beneath him, as he crashed against the wall. Vic's voice was a snarl of anger and triumph.

"Yes, I killed your old man." He knew too much, was making it too hot for me. I killed Jeff Godwin because he got wise to Tim. I killed 'em all, just as I'll kill you now!"

His hand darted behind him, flashed out clutching a knife. He came in—

Desperately Tom Warren rallied his strength in time to side-step the slashing blade. He felt it ripping through his shirt, down his arm. The pain went through his numbed body, touched off something in his brain.

He whirled away as the knife grazed him again, drove in a return blow that landed glancingly along Vic Raynor's head. Dust had risen about them, was in Tom's eyes and between his teeth. He could taste it. Vic came out of it swinging.

Tom Warren parried, slammed at the face before him. The face bobbed away. For a second Vic Raynor was off guard. Tom drove at him, mustering his strength to drive sledge hammer blows that sent Vic stumbling. His arms were out-flung against the wall, supporting him. The knife slipped. He started down, changed his mind. The look in his eyes was different now. It was uneasy and restless. He tried to outleap another blow.

It landed and he went down, rolled to his hands and knees and came erect dazedly. Tom Warren's fist flashed out, connected and drove Vic backward.

Savagely Tom Warren drove double smashes at the twisted face before him. The head went back, limply this time as if there were nothing to support it. The heavy body toppled down, struck the floor and lay still.

* * * * *

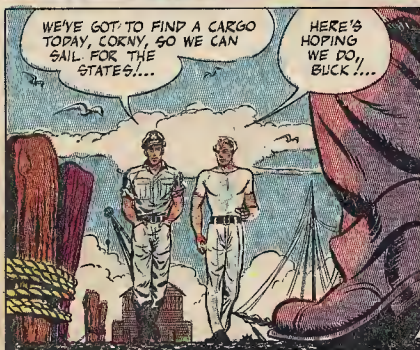
THE dust settled. Tom Warren looked down at the bloody pulp on the floor. Vic's one good eye peered back.

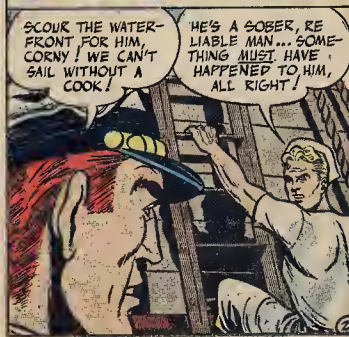
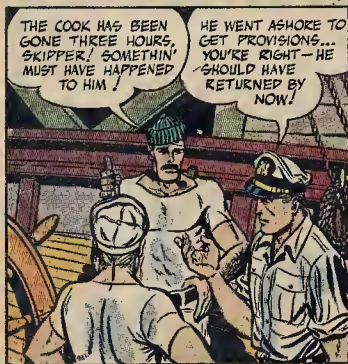
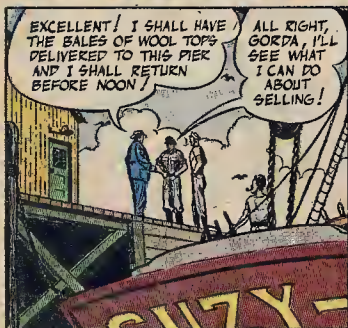
"I'm done," Tom said softly. "You'll get a fair trial. The people in Goldstone are tired of blood-shed and killing. They want to settle down, make homes. If you live long enough you'll find they can live without weapons as well as with them!"

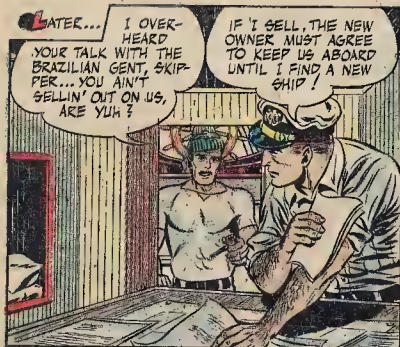
THE END

BUCK FARREL

THE "SUZY-Q" HAS WEATHERED STORMS AT SEA AND TREACHERY ABOARD, BUT HER FATE WAS NEVER MORE UNCERTAIN THAN WHEN BUCK FARREL MADE A DEAL WITH A MAN IN RIO.....

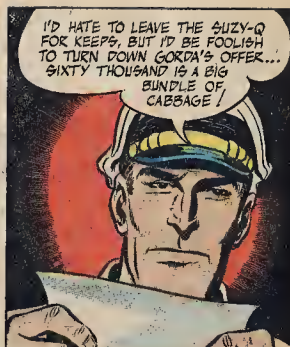






LATER... I OVER-HEARD YOUR TALK WITH THE BRAZILIAN GENT, SKIPPER... YOU AIN'T SELLIN' OUT ON US, ARE YUH?

IF I SELL, THE NEW OWNER MUST AGREE TO KEEP US ABOARD UNTIL I FIND A NEW SHIP!



I'D HATE TO LEAVE THE SUZY-Q FOR KEEPS, BUT I'D BE FOOLISH TO TURN DOWN GORDA'S OFFER... SIXTY THOUSAND IS A BIG BUNDLE OF CABBAGE!



FARREL IS PUTTING THE PAPERS IN ORDER... HE'S GONNA SELL THE GOOD OLE "SUZY-Q"!

HE CAN'T DO THAT! THIS SHIP'S LIKE A MOTHER-LIKE A HOME TO US!

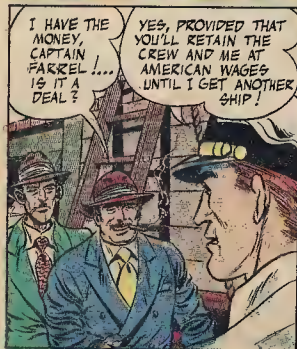


LET'S GO MEN!... THE DRAYS ARE COMING WITH OUR CARGO!



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, EVERY SECOND, PATINO! I WANT NO TROUBLE!

IT WILL GO BAD FOR ME, TOO, IF YOUR PLANS FAIL!

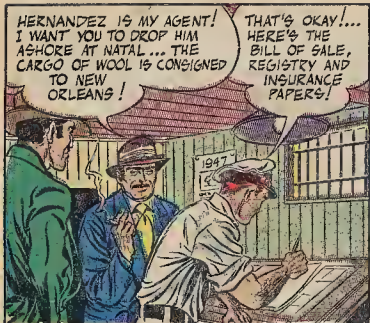


I HAVE THE MONEY, CAPTAIN FARREL!... IS IT A DEAL?

YES, PROVIDED THAT YOU'LL RETAIN THE CREW AND ME AT AMERICAN WAGES UNTIL I GET ANOTHER SHIP!



FAIR ENOUGH! COME-LET US SIGN THE PAPERS OF TRANSFER IN YOUR CABIN!...



HERNANDEZ IS MY AGENT!
I WANT YOU TO DROP HIM
ASHORE AT NATAL... THE
CARGO OF WOOL IS CONSIGNED
TO NEW ORLEANS!

THAT'S OKAY!...
HERE'S THE
BILL OF SALE,
REGISTRY AND
INSURANCE
PAPERS!



NOBODY'D SEEN OUR
COOK, BUCK!... HOW
WE GONNA SAIL WITH-
OUT ONE?

YOU NEED A COOK?
I WILL SEND JOSE—
A FINE COOK!...
JOSE WILL MAKE
YOU FAT!



ALL RIGHT—SEND HIM
DOWN HERE!... IF OUR
COOK DOESN'T SHOW UP,
WE'LL NEED
HIM!



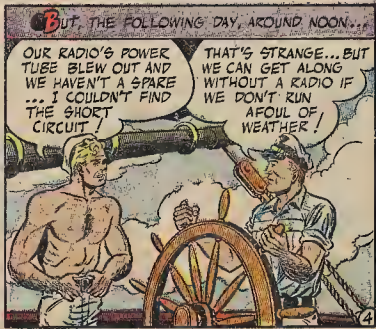
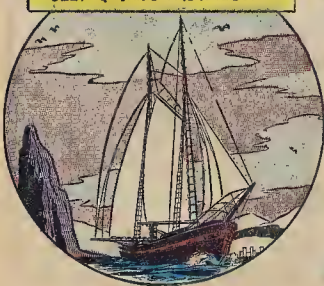
AFTER THE INSURANCE
AGENT INSPECTS THE
SHIP AND CARGO YOU
WILL SAIL!... GOOD!
LUCK, CAPTAIN!



THE NEW COOK
CAME ABOARD...
SPEAKS ENG-
LISH AND LOOKS
OKAY,
BUCK!

THIS MAN IS
CHECKING FOR THE IN-
SURANCE...
IF EVERY-
THING IS IN
ORDER, WE
CAN SAIL!

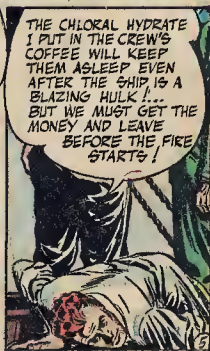
WITH BUCK AT THE HELM, THE
SUZY-Q SAILS FROM RIO...



BUT, THE FOLLOWING DAY, AROUND NOON...

OUR RADIO'S POWER
TUBE BLEW OUT AND
WE HAVEN'T A SPARE
... I COULDN'T FIND
THE SHORT
CIRCUIT!

THAT'S STRANGE... BUT
WE CAN GET ALONG
WITHOUT A RADIO IF
WE DON'T RUN
AFOUL OF WEATHER!





I'LL START SOMETHING
HOTTER THAN A
FIRE!



THIS MAY BE GORDA'S
SHIP BUT I'M STILL THE
SKIPPER WHO GIVES
THE ORDERS!



NOBODY TAKES ORDERS
FROM YOU WHEN YOU ARE
DEAD!



DON'T BET ON THAT, JOSE!
HEY, CORNY!
CORNY!

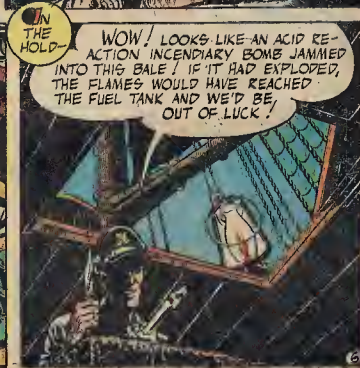


SO- THEY WORKED
OVER YOU, TOO! ... ANY
OF THE CREW SNAPPED
OUT OF IT
YET?

COOK DRUGGED
'EM- BUT GOOD!
YOU THINK
GORDA
PLANNED
THIS?



YES, IT'S GORDA'S WORK! HERE-
TAKE THIS GUN AND GUARD 'EM... I'VE
GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE TO EXPECT
A FIRE TO BREAK
OUT!



**ON
THE
HOLD-**

WOW! LOOKS LIKE AN ACID RE-
ACTION INCENDIARY BOMB JAMMED
INTO THIS BALE! IF IT HAD EXPLODED,
THE FLAMES WOULD HAVE REACHED
THE FUEL TANK AND WE'D BE
OUT OF LUCK!

RUSHING UP ON DECK, BUCK HURLS THE INCENDIARY TUBE OVER THE SIDE...

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!



IF THEY'D HIDDEN IT BETTER, WE'D HAVE HAD A BURNING DECK UNDER US IN A FEW MINUTES, CORNY!

C'MERE BUCK! THESE BIRDS ARE COMIN' AROUND!



KEEP 'EM COVERED WHILE I PUT US ON COURSE, BACK TO RIO!... AFTER I LASH THE WHEEL WE'LL PUT THEM IN IRONS!



DAYLIGHT FINDS THE CREW RECOVERED...BUCK AND CORNY ARE GRILLING THE PRISONERS IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN...

NOW THAT YOU MEN ARE WEARING JAIL-BIRD JEWELRY, PERHAPS YOU'LL GIVE OUT WITH THE CONSPIRACY!

WE HAVE NO POLICE RECORDS IN RIO...WHO WILL BELIEVE YOUR STORY? THE FOOD WAS BAD AND POISONED THE CREW!



OH, YEAH? WE'LL SAVE SOME OF THAT COFFEE FOR CHEMICAL ANALYSIS! AND WITH A CASE AGAINST YOU, WE CAN ORDER GORDA'S ARREST!



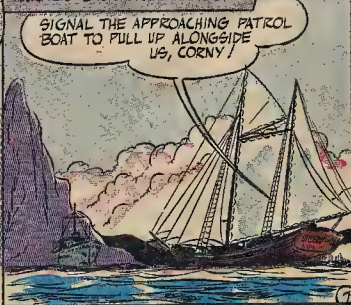
I FIGURE THAT GORDA PUT THEM ABOARD TO RECOVER THE CASH HE PAID YOU AND FIRE THE SHIP SO HE'D COLLECT THE FULL INSURANCE ON SHIP AND CARGO!

YES, AND THE REAL PROOF AGAINST HIM WILL SURPRISE EVERYONE!... WAIT AND SEE!

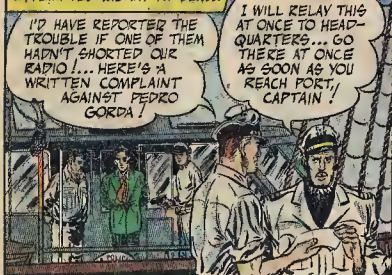


TWO AND ONE HALF DAYS LATER, THE "SLIZY-Q" ARRIVES BACK IN RIO HARBOR...

SIGNAL THE APPROACHING PATROL BOAT TO PULL UP ALONGSIDE US, CORNY!



THE POLICE CRAFT PULLS ALONGSIDE THE "SUZY-Q"... PRESENTLY, THE COMMANDING OFFICER BOARDS THE STALLED SCHOONER AND IS FULLY INFORMED OF THE ATTEMPTED MUTINY AT SEA...



I'D HAVE REPORTED THE TROUBLE IF ONE OF THEM HADN'T SHORTED OUR RADIO!... HERE'S A WRITTEN COMPLAINT AGAINST PEDRO GORDA!

I WILL RELAY THIS AT ONCE TO HEAD-QUARTERS... GO THERE AT ONCE AS SOON AS YOU REACH PORT, CAPTAIN!

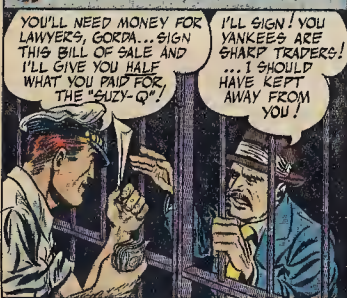
WITHIN A HALF HOUR, AT THE RIO JAIL...



YOU IDIOTS! YOU BUNGLARS! THE POLICE KNOW EVERY-THING!

WE OBEYED YOUR ORDERS, BUT WE COULDN'T FIND THE MONEY! FARREL IS A CRAFTY FIGHTER—NOT A FOOL, AS YOU SAID!...

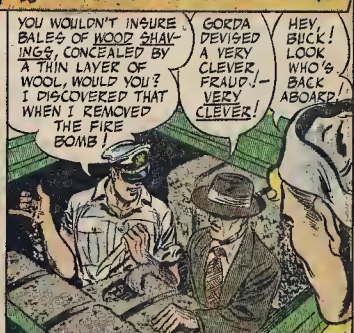
AND A LITTLE LATER, BUCK ARRIVES...



YOU'LL NEED MONEY FOR LAWYERS, GORDA... SIGN THIS BILL OF SALE AND I'LL GIVE YOU HALF WHAT YOU PAID FOR THE "SUZY-Q"!

I'LL SIGN! YOU YANKEES ARE SHARP TRADERS!... I SHOULD HAVE KEPT AWAY FROM YOU!

RETURNING TO THE HOLD OF THE "SUZY-Q"...



YOU WOULDN'T INSURE BALES OF WOOL SHAVINGS, CONCEALED BY A THIN LAYER OF WOOL, WOULD YOU? I DISCOVERED THAT WHEN I REMOVED THE FIRE BOMB!

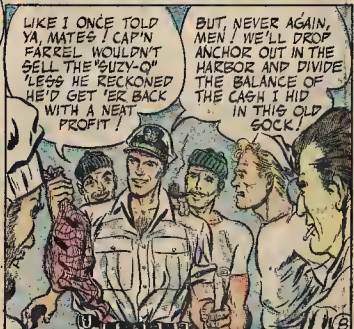
GORDA DEVISED A VERY CLEVER FRAUD!—VERY CLEVER!

HEY, BUCK! LOOK WHO'S BACK ABOARD!



OUR OLD BUSCUIT BURNER! WHAT WAS KEEPING YOU WHEN WE SAILED?

ROPE, SKIPPER—AROUND MY ARMS 'N' ANKLES!... JOSE SLUGGED AND TIED ME SO HE COULD GLIP ABOARD TO DO GORDA'S DIRTY WORK!



LIKE I ONCE TOLD YA, MATES! CAP'N FARREL WOULDN'T SELL THE "SUZY-Q" 'LESS HE RECKONED HE'D GET 'ER BACK WITH A NEAT PROFIT!

BUT, NEVER AGAIN, MEN! WE'LL DROP ANCHOR OUT IN THE HARBOR AND DIVIDE THE BALANCE OF THE CASH I HID IN THIS OLD SOCK!

BART STEWART

BOLLE / STARR



HAVING HAD A CLOSE CALL IN A SWORD FIGHT, BART DECIDES THAT IT WOULD BE A WISE THING FOR HIM TO LEARN THE ART OF FENCING. HIS FRIEND FILIPPE, A FORMER FRENCH FENCING MASTER, INSTRUCTS HIM ---



KEEP YOUR ELBOW IN MORE -- THAT'S EET BART!!

WE'VE BEEN AT THIS SIX WEEKS NOW! WHEN DO I GET MY CERTIFICATE?

BART LEARNS QUICKLY-- HE'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS FILIPPE ALREADY!

YOU OLD FRIENDS MUST BE HAPPY TO BE TOGETHER AGAIN -- BY THE WAY, MUSKET, HOW DID YOU MEET BART?



THAT WAS A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO...



-- I WAS A GOVERNMENT SURVEYOR, AND HEARING OF AN ANTICIPATED INDIAN ATTACK, I TOOK REFUGE IN THE VALLEY SETTLEMENT.

LUCKY FOR YOU TO BE CLOSE TO THE SETTLEMENT!

HAVE THE INDIANS STARTED THEIR ATTACK YET?

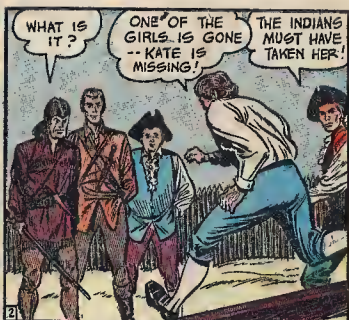




YES, BUT THE ATTACK WAS BRIEF AND NO DAMAGE WAS DONE!

THEY MANAGED TO GET INTO THE STOCKADE BUT WE DROVE THEM OUT!

DAN'L, DAN'L!



WHAT IS IT?

ONE OF THE GIRLS IS GONE -- KATE IS MISSING!

THE INDIANS MUST HAVE TAKEN HER!



LET'S GO AFTER THE SCURVY SAVAGES!!

YEA! THERE WEREN'T MANY OF THEM!

GET YOUR LONG RIFLES MEN!



STOP!! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE INDIANS PLANNED ON! THEY WANT TO GET YOU OUTSIDE THE STOCKADE!



HE'S RIGHT! THEY PROBABLY HAVE A BIGGER FORCE WAITING TO AMBUSH YOU OUT THERE!

NONSENSE, BART!

WE'LL FIRE INTO THAT THICKET, AND SEE IF YOU'RE RIGHT!



THERE'S NO MOVEMENT!

YOU SEE, THEY'VE LEFT!

LET'S GO AFTER THEM!

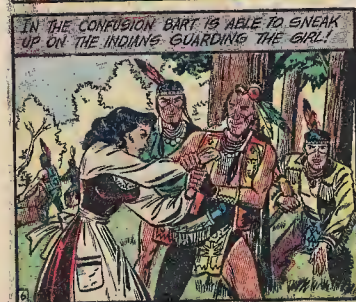
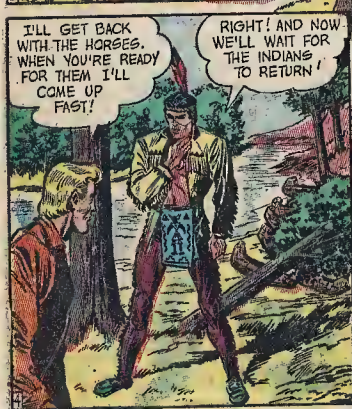
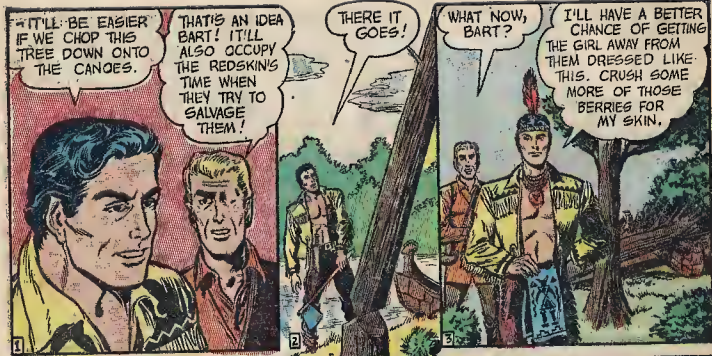
WAIT!



-- RIFLE FIRE WON'T GET THEM OUT! THEY'RE TOO WELL PROTECTED!

HOW'RE YE GOING TO CONVINCE THEM OF THAT, LAD?

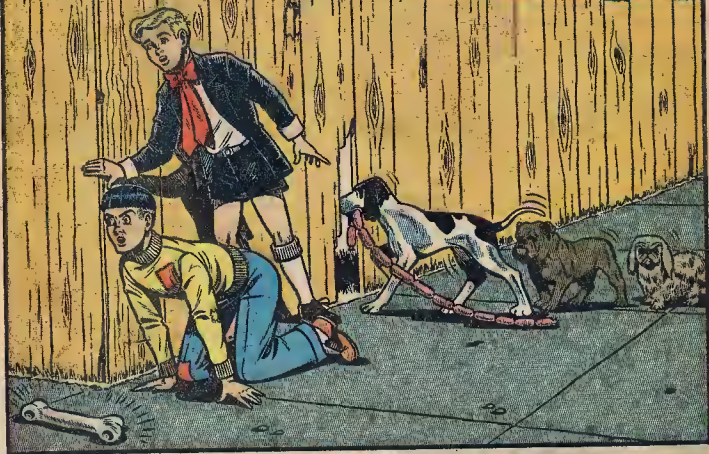






MORE
ADVENTURES
OF
FRONTIER
DAYS
WITH
**BART
STEWART**
IN
NEXT
**CROWN
COMICS**

MASTER MARVIN



YOU MUST BE FRIGHTFULLY
HEARTBROKEN OVER LOSING
HIM, BLANCH. HE WAS SUCH
A DARLING LITTLE PEKINESE!

I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK SINCE
HUNG WEE RAN AWAY. I'VE
PUT AN AD IN THE PAPER
OFFERING FIFTY
DOLLARS REWARD!

GOSH, MRS. HOPKINTON-
I'LL GO OUT AND FIND
YOUR POOCH-ER, I
MEAN.. DOG!

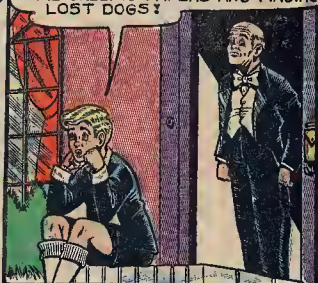


YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT, MARVIN! I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO RUN THE STREETS LIKE A RAGAMUFFIN!

AW, MOTHER-YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!



YES, RIVERS, IF MY FOLKS WERENT RICH, I COULD HAVE LOTS OF FUN LIKE SELLING PAPERS AND FINDING LOST DOGS!



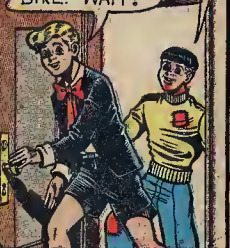
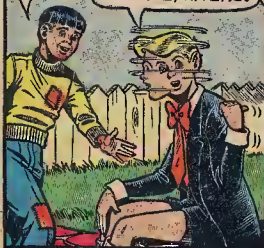
HEY, MARVIN! WANNA DO ME A BIG FAVOR?

SURE, BUTCH- IF I CAN GET AWAY WITH IT! MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE, RIVERS!

HELP ME SELL THIRTY SUBSCRIPTIONS AT TWO BUCKS EACH TO "HAPPY HOME MAGAZINE," AND I WIN A BIKE?

GEE THAT'S TOUGH TO DO! I'VE GOT A BETTER WAY FOR YOU TO EARN A BIKE. WAIT!

YEAH? HOW?

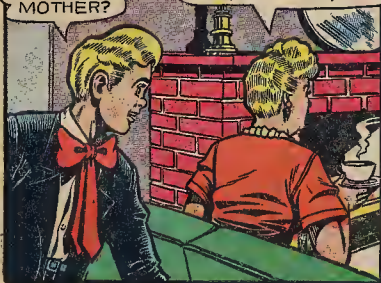


MIND IF I HELP A FRIEND GET HIS NEW BIKE, MOTHER?

NO, MARVIN, YOU MAY RUN OUT AND PLAY... YES, BLANCHE, GO ON.

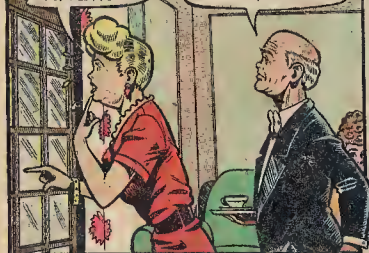
OKAY, BUTCH! LET'S GO!

GIMME THE LOWDOWN, MARY. WHAT'S COOKIN'?



HEAVENS! MARVIN RAN OFF WITH THAT TERRIBLE BOY FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS! FETCH HIM BACK IMMEDIATELY, RIVERS!

Y-YES, MA'AM!



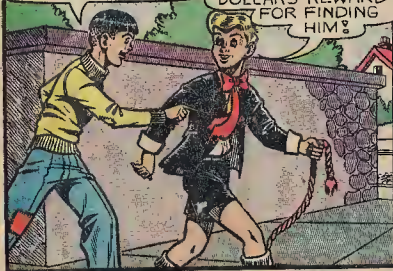
TAKE THIS LEASH, RIVERS, IN CASE YOU SEE MY LITTLE PET WHILE YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR MARVIN!

ER... AS YOU WISH MA'AM.



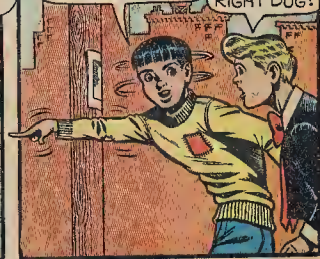
YA LOOK LIKE A HORSE THIEF WID DAT ROPE. MARV. WHAT'S IT FER?

MRS. HOPKINTON'S PET PEKINESE POOCH. SHE'S OFFERING FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD FOR FINDING HIM!



LOOKIT! A POOCH JUST TOOK THAT CORNER ON TWO WHEELS! C'MON!

BUT WAS IT A PEKINESE? WE'VE GOT TO RETURN THE RIGHT DOG!



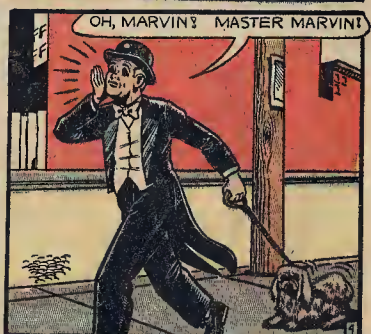
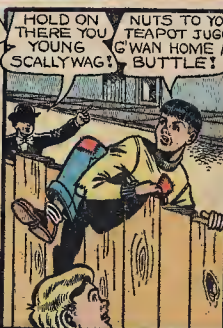
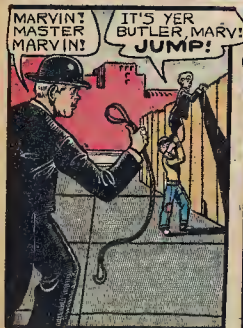
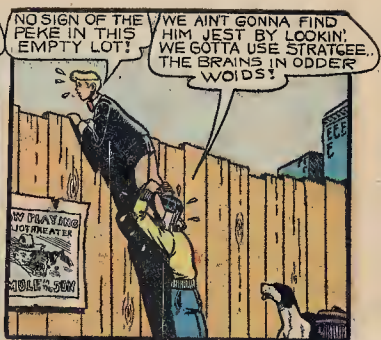
HERE, POOCH! HERE, BOY!



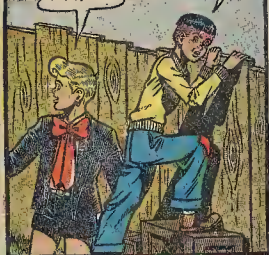
NO, BUTCH: MRS. HOPKINTON'S POOCH IS A PEKINESE! A LAP DOG!

THIS MUTT LAPS, DON'T HE? UGH! LAY OFF MY KISSER, BOWSER



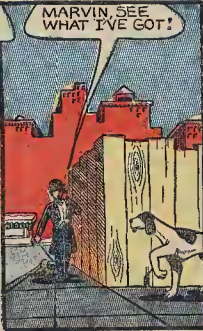


RIVERS IS A QUEER
ONE. HE SAW US
PILE IN HERE BUT
NOW HE'S GOING
AWAY?



DAT DONT
BREAK MY
HEART!

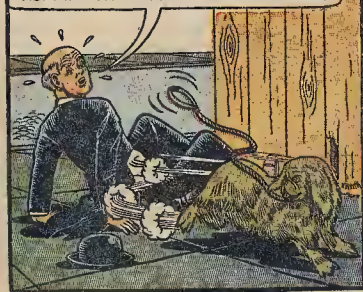
MARVIN, SEE
WHAT I'VE GOT!



OOOPS!



NOW, HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO MRS.
HOPKINTON ABOUT HER DOG LEASH?

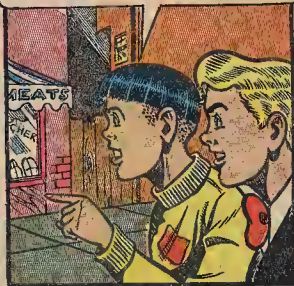


THINK, MARV! HAS DA
POOCH ANY SPECIAL
HABITS? WHAT'S HIS
FAVORITE DISH?

CHICKEN LIVERS.
BUT LAST WEEK
MRS. HOPKINTON
PUT HIM ON A
STRICT DIET!



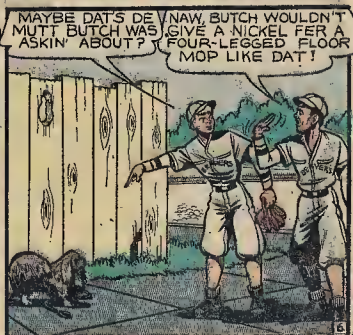
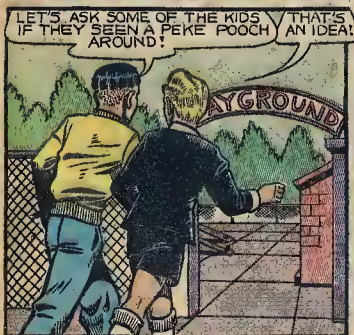
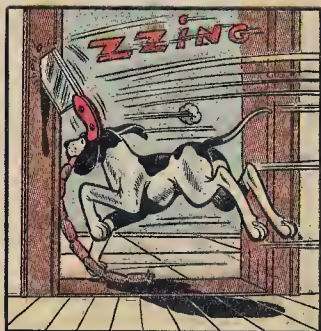
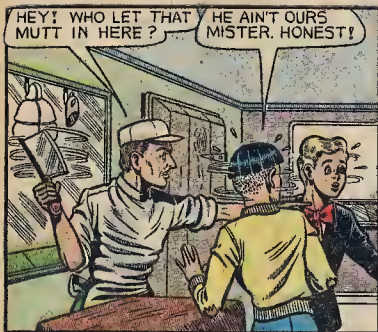
DIET, EH? DAT'S OUR CLUE, MARV!
DA POOR POOCH WAS STARVIN'.
LETS TRY DAT BUTCHER SHOP!

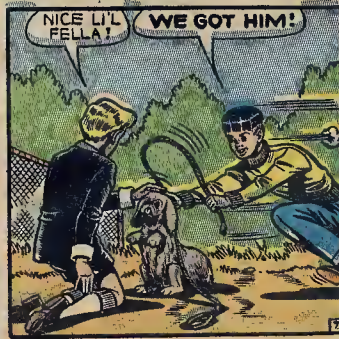
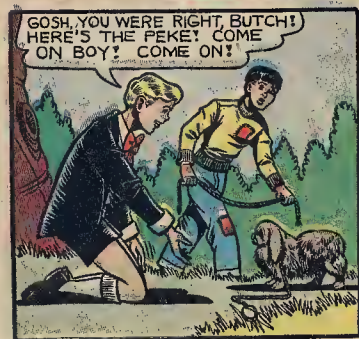
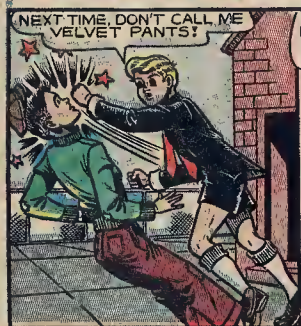


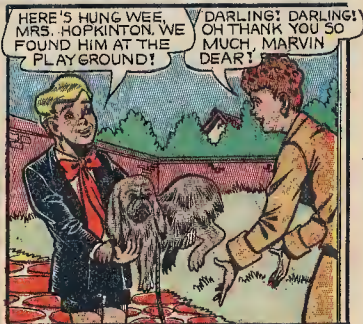
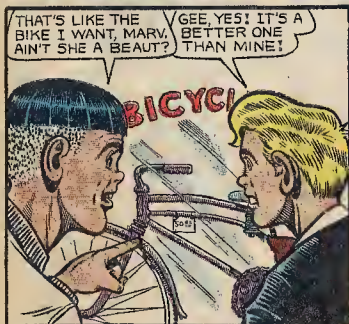
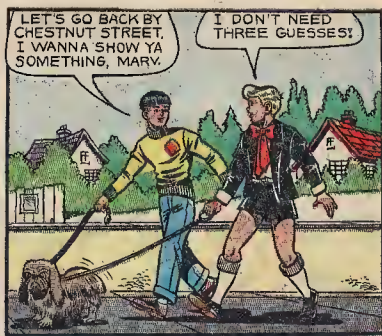
WE LOST A DOG, ER-
THAT IS, WHAT I MEAN
IS...WE'RE LOOKING FOR
ONE!

ALL I'VE GOT HERE
IS HOT DOGS. HOW
MANY DO YOU
WANT?









HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?



'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY, WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS



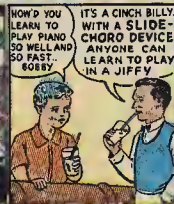
AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM WON'T GET WISE



GOLLY... I GOK HOW BOB'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING. AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK



HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST... BOBBY

IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY

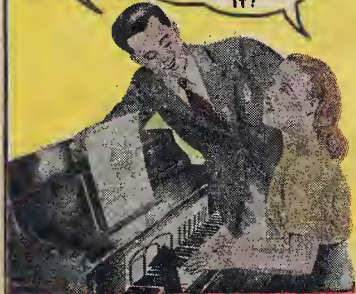


IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THIS SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE, AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 27 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLO ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



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SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 8710, Struthers 3, Ohio

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☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

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Style 544—Indian Scene



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